

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, December 31, 1803.

[No. 57]

De Valcour and Bertha :

OR

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP. IV.

(Continued from page 26)

FILLED with this hope, she took a knife, and cut the sheets into strips, which she joined, and made a line almost long enough to effect her design. Again she approached the window : the vessel was within sight ; she suspended her line, waved her handkerchief, and was at length successful in attracting the notice of some of the crew. Two or three, more venturous than the rest, hoisted out a boat, and rowed towards the tower where Bertha was confined, and which had long been a beacon to mariners. Finding the men below ready to receive her, Bertha secured her line to a large bar which crossed the window. She sprang nimbly on a chair ; and was preparing to descend, when she felt her arm rudely grasped, and turning, beheld her masked persecutor. This was a moment not to be neglected. Desperate in her determination to escape from the horrid fate which his presence seemed to menace, she madly plunged the knife she held into his bosom. He gave

a cry of rage, and grasped yet more firmly. In vain the sailors below called to her to hasten her descent ; every faculty was suspended by the dreadful sight of her enemy's blood streaming on the ground ! streaming from the wound inflicted by her hand ! She saw him stagger ; she endeavored to support him ; but he groaned, and fell ! Bertha shrieked aloud for assistance : the sentinel rushed in ; fired his piece ; and in a few moments the room was filled with armed men, who surrounded their dying chief. One among them attended with assiduous care to Bertha : it was the kind Tyrault, who bore her from the curious crowd, and laid her upon a couch insensible to all that passed.

Meanwhile the ill-fated Julian had languished ten days in a noisome dungeon : all the misery which a malicious foe and a jealous rival could inflict, was his lot. He was made to believe his wife was faithless, and dishonored ; and at length, by incessant persuasion, and in the dear hope of obtaining health and liberty, he was induced to take the formal oath of fidelity to the society, and became one of the Independents, whose offences were chiefly of a political nature, and who seldom committed such depredations as could occasion them to be classed with robbers ; yet each was sworn to espouse the private interests, and revenge the wrongs, of each other ; and the breach of this promise was punished with death.

Tyrault, who pitied his undeserved sufferings, yet dared not violate his oath, sought every opportunity of enquiring into the situation of Bertha, with the generous design of bringing the unfortunate faithful couple together ; but the vigilance of the chief gave him no opportunity of effecting his benevolent purpose. Julian became one of the society ; and Tyrault learnt that it was the intention of the Signor to make Bertha his by force. All he could then do was, to warn her secretly of her danger, which he did, and hastened the solution of the mystery in which the fate of the unfortunate lovers had been so long involved.

CHAP. V.

THE agonized groans of the expiring chief roused Bertha from her temporary stupor : she broke from the arms of Tyrault, and at the same moment beheld the altered form of her loved Julian : his eyes gazed on her with melancholy wildness, while she shrieked with surprise at the unexpected rencontre. But a new object of astonishment presented itself, when, approaching the bed, she beheld the distorted features of father Ambrose. He beckoned her to his side : she advanced fearfully, supported by the anxious De Valcour. Ambrose took her trembling hand, and placed it within that of De

Valcour; gazed earnestly at them; and a tear of remorse stole down his pale cheek. The prediction is, indeed, fulfilled, said he, gasping with mental and bodily agony. I was thy father's murderer. Pray for me, suffering angel! for thy looks beam mercy to the despairing sinner. My crimes have been many. Let the baroness Valeria be secured; she has been my instigator to all. Julian, you are my son.

The horror and astonishment of this discovery was suspended by the last convulsion which seized Ambrose; and his kneeling children ventured to address a prayer for his forgiveness, to the Power who had terminated his guilty career. But all the joy which would otherwise have attended the re-union of De Valcour and Bertha, was destroyed by the dreadful recollection, that she also had been a murderer; nor could all the persuasions of Julian chase the horrid idea from her mind.

Pursuant to the last direction of Ambrose, Julian secured the important paper, and read the contents to Bertha and his friend Tyrault; the rest of the party having retired at his command; some to secure the person of Valeria; others to their respective avocations. The confession of father Ambrose ran thus.

"BORN of indigent and obscure parents, the annals of my early days would be unimportant to those for whom this packet is intended. It has been written in moments of bitter remorse; for, amidst all the scenes of dissipation, such moments will occur to the soul laboring with guilt.

"I was intended for the service of the church; but as much interest was requisite to obtain an advantageous situation, I was forced to submit to such menial offices in the convent where I was placed, as gave me a violent disgust to the calling. I quitted the convent; and being a lad of spirit and ingenuity, went through a variety of changes in my pursuit of wealth and pleasure.

"The person and reputed fortune of the lady Valeria was a dazzling bait, and my natural vanity led me to imagine the prize within my reach; but I had to deal with one more ambitious and artful than myself, and the consequence was, that I became entangled in

an unprofitable amour. Aware of the danger attending a discovery, and cured of the passion which at first actuated me, I quitted the city where she resided, having previously directed her as to the disposal of the infant to which she must shortly give birth.

"By a few well-concerted measures, I contrived to pass for a man of consequence, and formed acquaintance with youths of distinction, who, in pursuit of pleasure, sacrificed prudence and fame. By some of these I was introduced to the society of Independents. Their principles were readily adopted by me; but the strong suspicion, and strict regulations of government, obliging us to disperse awhile, I obtained, under plausible pretences, admission to the convent of St. Clare. The holy habit covers many a depraved heart. I was an adept in hypocrisy, and succeeded in making my brethren believe me a man of the strictest piety. It was there to my infinite surprise, I was sent to by the baroness Valeria, to officiate as confessor to the family. Her infidelity gave me little pain: but the loss of my child, whom I had sent for at the commencement of my league with the Independents, had occasioned me much grief, and now revived in my mind, with a degree of tenderness (towards the mother) which I imagined I had long been incapable of feeling.

"I made myself known to her; she heard me with astonishment; professed undiminished regard; and laid open to my view such ambitious schemes, as soon engaged me completely in her diabolical plans. The daughter of the credulous baron to whom Valeria was united, equally beauteous and innocent, was marked for destruction by the designing Valeria; and I engaged in her cause with views little less criminal than those which actuated the female fiend. But, to effect my purpose more completely, much dissimulation was necessary; and I became, in fact, the dupe of my own artifice.

"To complete the ruin of the young couple, (Bertha having formed an attachment to an orphan lad under the protection of the baron) I favored a secret marriage, to which Valeria prompted me, by assurances that it was the only method of crushing the youth's aspiring hopes, as she had the entire sway of the doting baron, who would

thereby be induced to disinherit them entirely, and make a will in her favor. This plan succeeded: De Valcour and Bertha were united, and long carried on a clandestine correspondence. The unsuspecting Julian confided every thing to me, except the circumstances of his first introduction to the baron, which, had I known, innumerable crimes might have been avoided; as I should have thereby learnt he was the son whose loss I had ever lamented.

"To hurry over a painful recital, the death of the baron was determined, and effected by my hand. I had easy access to the castle, and found little difficulty of escaping from the convent when the pious brotherhood imagined me reposing in my cell. That suspicion might be averted from me, it was necessary to prevent too strict investigation, by attaching it to another; and as I well knew the hours when Julian was admitted a private interview with his wife, I judged it an easy matter to work on her credulity, and terrify her from the castle. For this I had a double purpose: her beauty had inspired me with a criminal passion; and I resolved to get her into my power.

"My intimacy with the confederate Independents had been recently renewed; and temporary concealment with them I judged my best expedient, till the baroness completed her promise of bestowing on me wealth and independence. The only difficulty attending my scheme, was that of breaking the strict oath of the society; but as I should thereby have the whole band in my power, I resolved, at all events, to brave the consequences, and prefer my own advantage to any consideration of honor or justice."

Alas, Julian! said Bertha, laying her hand on his arm, we are now taught cruelly the consequence of disobedience. Our own rashness has undone us, and made us the dupes of an artful unrelenting enemy. Perhaps we may be able to avert the dreadful evil, returned Julian. We have erred without being criminal; may our present punishment be the expiation.

(To be continued.)

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CURIOUS PARTICULARS
OF THE
INHABITANTS OF SUMATRA.

[From Marsden's History.]

MARRIAGES AND COURTSHIP.

THE rites of marriage among the Sumatrans consist simply in joining the hands of the parties, and pronouncing them man and wife, without much ceremony, excepting, the entertainment which is given upon the occasion. But little apparent courtship precedes their marriages. Their manners do not admit of it; the young people of each sex being carefully kept asunder, and the girls being seldom trusted from under the wing of their mothers. With us courtship includes the idea of humble intreaty on the man's side, and favor and condescension on the part of the woman, who bestows person and property for love. The Sumatran, on the contrary, when he fixes his choice, and pays all that he is worth for the object of it, may naturally consider the obligation on his side; but still they are not without gallantry; they preserve a degree of delicacy and respect towards the sex which might justify their retorting on many of the polished nations of antiquity, the epithet of barbarians. The opportunities which the young people have of seeing and conversing with each other, are at the public festivals. On these occasions the persons who are unmarried meet together, and dance and sing in company. It may be supposed that the young ladies cannot be long without their particular admirers. The men, when determined in their regards, generally employ an old woman as their agent, by whom they make known their sentiments, and send presents to the female of their choice. The parents then interfere, and the preliminaries being settled a feast takes place. At these festivals, a goat, a buffalo, or several, according to the rank of the parties, are killed, to entertain, not only the relations and invited guests, but all the inhabitants of the neighboring country who choose to repair to them. The greater the concourse, the more is the credit of the host, who is generally on these occasions the father of the girl.

NUMBER OF WIVES.

THE customs of the Sumatrans permit their having as many wives as they can compass the purchase of, or afford to maintain; but it is extremely rare, that an instance occurs of their having more than one, and that only among a few of the chiefs. This continence they, in some measure, owe to their poverty. The dictates of frugality are more powerful with them than the irregular calls of appetite, and make them decline an indulgence from which their law does not restrain them.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

MOTHERS carry the children, not on the arm, as our nurses do, but straddling on the hip, and usually supported by a cloth which ties in a knot on the opposite shoulder. This practice, I have been told, is common in some parts of Wales. It is much safer than the other method, less tiresome to the nurse, and the child has the advantage of sitting in a less constrained posture; but the defensive armor of stays, and offensive weapons called pins, might be some objection to the general introduction of the fashion into England. The children are nursed but little, nor confined by any swathing or bandages; and being suffered to roll about the floor, soon learn to walk and shift for themselves. When cradles are used, they swing suspended from the ceilings of the rooms.

FUNERALS.

AT their funerals the corpse is carried to the place of interment on a broad plank, which is kept for the public service, and lasts many generations. It is constantly rubbed with lime, either to prevent its decay, or to keep it pure. No coffin is made use of; the body being simply wrapped in white cloth. In forming the grave, after digging to a convenient depth, they make a cavity in the side, at bottom, of sufficient dimensions to contain the body; by which means the earth lies literally light upon it; and this cavity after strewing flowers in it, they stop up by two boards; fastened angularly to each other, so that the one is on the top of the corpse, while the other defends it on the open side, the edge resting on the bottom of the grave. The outer hole is then filled up with earth; and little white flags, or streamers, are stuck in order around. They

likewise plant a shrub, bearing a white flower, and in some places marjoram. The women who attend the funeral, make a hideous noise.

REFLECTIONS

On the Blessings which arise from a contented Disposition, exemplified in the conduct which a Country Curate displayed.

THOUGH the benevolent Author of our being has in wisdom determined, that the blessings of this life should be unequally dispensed, yet how often do we find that a contented disposition is capable of throwing a ray of cheerfulness over the most indigent state, whilst the dissatisfied possessor of Fortune's choicest favors, pines after some unenjoyed felicity, amidst his loads of wealth.

In vain does Providence bestow every external blessing, if the discontented heart is insensible of the boon; and, instead of gratefully acknowledging the bounty of its Creator, languishes for some imaginary good, which, if granted, it could not enjoy.

That one half of the world know not how the other support themselves, is too common an observation to produce much effect; and what is much more to be deplored for the unfortunate part of our fellow-creatures, they do not desire to know by what methods they live. Prosperity is too apt to harden the feelings; it raises a kind of a bulwark which shuts out the softer emotions of the heart; whilst the hand of Adversity, though it afflicts us, at once expands and purifies the breast. The mind which has never been pierced by the arrows of affliction, can form but an imperfect idea of the wounds which they impart; whilst those who have felt the effect of their malignity, naturally sympathize in a fellow-sufferer's pain. Many instances might be brought to prove the truth of this assertion; but I never recollect that any have struck me so forcibly, as the perusal of a weekly journal of a Country Curate's life, where the soft effusions of genuine benevolence are painted in colors which create the most pleasing emotions in the mind; and where poverty and contentment are so singularly united, that

they seem to have been intended by Providence to prove a lesson to mankind. Under this idea I shall transcribe the journal, not only for the entertainment, but the instruction of those by whom it may be perused; indulging the hope, that those who follow the amiable Curate's example, may ultimately meet with the same generous reward.

*Anecdote of a Country Curate,
With a Week's Journal of his Life.*

MONDAY.

Received ten pounds from my rector, Dr. Snarle, being one half a year's salary. Obligated to wait long before I gained admittance to the doctor, who never even asked me to sit down, or take refreshment, though he knew I had walked eleven miles.—Item, his reverence, in a tone of dissatisfaction, *hinted*, that he could have all his duty performed for *fifteen pounds a year*.

TUESDAY.

Paid eight pounds to several different people; but could not buy a second hand pair of black breeches, which Cabbage, the taylor, offered me as a great bargain, because my wife wanted a new gown; and neither Polly nor Betsey had a pair of shoes fit to go to church in.

WEDNESDAY.

My wife bought a gown for herself, and shoes for the girls; but, unluckily, in coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole which she had not discovered in her pocket, and by that means reduced our stock of money to the sum of half a crown.—Item, chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to *rely upon the benevolence of God*.

THURSDAY.

Received a note, informing me, that a gentleman at the ale-house at the top of the hill begged to speak with me upon business of real concern; and upon going, found him to be a member of a strolling company of players, who wished to borrow seven-pence-halfpenny, to discharge his landlord's debt. Though we had paid our baker but on Tuesday, he quarrelled with us to prevent giving future credit: and George Greasy, the butcher, told me, he heard the rector intended to appoint another curate, who would perform the duty at all his livings for a less salary than myself; adding, that though he should be happy to do

any thing to *serve* me, yet, as I lived close to Peter Paunch, I had better deal with him. Much as I was mortified by these proofs of *selfishness*, I did not suffer my mind to be depressed, knowing that to want *humanity*, is to be deficient in *justice*; and that riches are bestowed by the Father of the Universe for the purpose of succoring the distressed.—Discharged the player's reckoning out of the only shilling in my pocket, and gave the remainder of the money to pay his expences on the road.

FRIDAY.

A very scanty dinner, and therefore *pretended to be ill*, that there might be the more for my poor wife and children to eat.—God forgive me, if this was a transgression! but the *motive* will plead for pardon at the throne of grace.—I told my wife in what manner I had disposed of the shilling: and the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for disposing of that which belonged to her and my children, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears. Resolved from that moment never to *contradict her*; for the mind that can joyfully forego the common necessities of existence, for the pleasure of alleviating the sufferings of a stranger in distress, though it may exceed the rigid laws of *prudence*, yet it excites the emotions of *tenderness and esteem*.

SATURDAY.

Wrote a sermon.

SUNDAY.

Preached it at four different churches, and returned home both hungry and fatigued: the latter I knew would be relieved by refreshing slumbers; but the former I could not easily surmount, as the sum of two-pence-halfpenny formed the whole strength of my purse. But how unexpected are the blessings of Providence! How presumptuous is that man who dares to repine! For I had not been an hour at home when the strolling player entered to make a princely return for the kindness he had received. Though my pittance was so small, yet my heart always expanded towards every individual who labored under distress; and my generous benefactor having heard of this propensity, was determined to make a trial of my disposition himself: the strolling player, detained by the landlord of a paltry ale-house, was a man blessed with affluence, and high in power, who, for the loan

of one poor shilling, gave me fifty pounds to buy a dinner, and a living of *three hundred a-year*!

THE SUBTERRANEOUS PALACE:

AN APOLOGUE.

THERE was an image in the city of Rome, which stretched forth its right hand, on the middle finger of which was written, *strike here*. For a long time none could understand the meaning of this mysterious inscription. At length, a certain subtle clerk, who came to see this famous image, observed, as the sun shone against it, the shadow of the inscribed finger on the ground at some distance. He immediately took a spade, and began to dig exactly on that spot. He came at length to a flight of steps, which descended far under ground, and led him to a stately palace. Here he entered a hall, where he saw a King and Queen sitting at table, with their nobles, and a multitude of people, all clothed in rich garments. But no person spake a word. He looked towards one corner, where he saw a polished carbuncle, which illuminated the whole room. In the opposite corner he perceived the figure of a man standing, having a bended bow with an arrow in his hand, as prepared to shoot. On his forehead was written, *I am, who am. Nothing can escape my stroke; not even yonder carbuncle, which shines so bright*. The clerk beheld all with amazement; and, entering a chamber, saw the most beautiful ladies working at the loom in purple. But all was silence. He then entered a stable full of the most excellent horses: he touched some of them and they were instantly turned into stone. He next surveyed all the apartments of the palace, which abounded with whatever his wishes could desire. He again visited the hall, and now began to reflect how he should return: But, says he, my report of all these wonders will not be believed, unless I carry something with me. He therefore took from the principle table a golden cup and a golden knife, and placed them in his bosom. The man who stood in the corner with his bow, immediately shot at the carbuncle, which he shattered into a thousand pieces. At that moment the hall became dark as night. In this darkness, not be-

ing able to find his way, he continued in the subterraneous palace, and soon died a miserable death.

In the *moralization* of this fable, the Steps by which the clerk descends into the earth, are supposed to be the Passions. The Palace, so richly stored, the World, with all its vanities and temptations. The Figure with the bow bent, is Death; and the Carbuncle, is Human Life. He suffers for his avarice, in coveting and seizing what was not his own; and no sooner has he taken the golden knife and cup, that is, enriched himself with the goods of this world, than he is delivered up to the gloom and horrors of the grave.

FEMALE RESOLUTION.

A GENTOO, a man of substance, residing on the banks of the Ganges, had a wife of great beauty, with whom he lived happy in the utmost reciprocal affection. One morning early, as she went, in the simplicity of her manner of life, to fill a water-vessel at the river, a Mogul nobleman chancing to pass by, was so struck with her at the first sight, that, yielding to the impetuosity of his passion, he spurred up his horse to her, seized her, and laying her across his saddle-box, rode off with her, regardless of her cries, and overpowering her struggles.

Whether she was alone or accompanied, no one it seems could inform her unfortunate spouse, nor who was the ravisher, that he might have implored justice against a violence, certainly not tolerated under the Mogul government; or of what road he had taken, that by his perquisitions he might find her out and reclaim her. In this dilemma, life being grown odious to the inconsolable husband, he quitted his habitation, and turned wandering Gioghi, with a double intention of humoring his melancholic turn to solitude, and of searching the whole country for her.

But while he was thus employed, the Mogul nobleman had accomplished his brutal purpose, and though at first very cautious of allowing her the least liberty, for fear of a discovery, on having two children by her, grew relaxed in that point, even more than the Mahometans commonly are, thinking perhaps to gain

her heart by that indulgence, customary among the Gentooes. After two years then, her husband, now a Gioghi, came by chance to a garden door, at which she was standing, and begged alms of her. It is not said whether he knew her or not; but at the first sight and sound of his voice, she knew him, tho' in a plight so fit to disguise him. Then it was, that in a rapture of joy she welcomed him, and related to him all her adventures, and the innocence of her heart in all she had suffered, concluding with her detestation of her present condition, and an offer of immediately making her escape, and returning to his bosom.

To this the Gentoo made no other answer or objection, but to represent to her the inviolable rule of their religion in such a case, which did not admit of his receiving her again as his wife, or having any communication whatever with him. However, after joining in the bewailment of the cruelty of their separation, and of the law that prohibited that re-union, for which they both ardently sighed; and after abundance of consultation, about what measures could be taken, it was agreed between them, that the husband should instantly repair to the great temple of Jaggernaut, near the sea-side, in the kingdom of Orixá, near the mouth of the Ganges, there to consult the high-priest and his chief assistants, whether any thing could be done to restore her at last to her religion. Accordingly he went, and returned to her with such a countenance as prepared her for the worst.

He then told her, that he came to bid her an eternal adieu, for that the taking off the excommunication she had however innocently incurred, could not be effected but on such conditions, as he could neither expect, or advise her to comply with. They were these: that she should destroy the children she had by her ravisher, so as to leave no living monuments of her pollution by his profane embraces, then fly with her husband to the island of Jaggernaut, and there have melted lead poured down her throat, by which means only she might be admitted to die in her cast, if she could not live in it.

The wife on hearing these terms, accepted them, hard as they were, notwithstanding all the tenderest dissuasions on the man's part. Urged then

by the manifold incentives of zeal for her religion, love for her husband, and a hatred for her ravisher: that made her see in those children of hers nothing but his part in them, all conspiring to steel her heart against the emotions of nature, she perpetrated the first part of the injunction, and found means to escape undiscovered with her husband, who durst not even renew with her the privilege of one; as her person still remained polluted, and unapproachable by him under the penalty of a mortal sin, and of falling into the same predicament in which she stood.

Arrived at the temple, she presented herself with the utmost constancy and intrepidity to the priests, of whom she demanded the fulfilment of the rest of her sentence. After a sequestration of a few days, and other preparatory ceremonies, she was led to the appointed place of execution in the area before the temple, where, in the presence of an innumerable concourse of people, she appeared without the least symptom of fear at the dreadful solemnity and apparatus of the fire, and instruments of her suffering. After a short prayer she was blindfolded, and extended on the ground, with her mouth open ready to receive her death in the melted lead. Instead of which, some cold water prepared for that purpose was poured into it, and she was bid to get up, and then assured, that the sincerity of her intention having been thus proved, was accepted by the deity, and that she was thenceforward at liberty to live with her husband as before, being now reinstated in all her rights divine and social.

MUSICAL SWINDLER.

THE following *coup de main* was played off at a shop in Oxford-street, London, not long since.

A well dressed man, apparently a foreigner, went into a wollen-draper's shop, in the afternoon: he had a green bag in his hand, which he laid on the counter with great care, and asked for some kerseymere for a waistcoat and breeches; he affected great hurry, and had a boy, like a servant or errand lad with him. The kerseymere being cut off, he gave it to the boy, saying, Bid the taylor lose no time; I must have it to-morrow night for my lord's concert.

The boy went off in a hurry with the purchase; the draper asked the gentleman, if he did not want lining, trimmings, &c. The answer was, Yes; I forgot that; God bless me! I must go to the taylor now myself with them. He then talked of the concert he was engaged for; mentioned the violin in his green bag, for which my lord had offered him forty guineas, and which he had refused.

He next felt for his purse, in order to pay the draper's bill; affected great surprize, but recollected he must have left it at the music-shop where he had been to buy a sonata: it was certainly safe—he had been no where else: and if the gentleman (the draper) would give him leave to hang his violin on the vacant nail he saw in a nitch behind the counter, he would leave it till he returned with the money; but may be he might not come till next morning, as it was probable he might stay late at my Lord's, where he was going to rehearse with some amateurs. The draper consented; a splendid violin was drawn out of the bag and hung up with great care, the musical gentleman observing it was lucky he had another at home, for which he should want the bag; a sonata was in the bag, which he took with him. About two hours after, another person came for some small article, and cheapened a piece of cloth for a coat, but did not buy it; seeing the violin, he asked if it was to be sold; the answer was, no; the owner would not sell it for forty guineas. It must be a good one, said the stranger, permit me to see it. He took it, tried it, and was in raptures. It's a charming instrument. Sir; I'll give you twenty guineas. Sir, it is not mine; I cannot sell it. I'll give thirty, Sir; do let me have it—and he took out his purse. I cannot, said the draper again. Let me finger it a little more; Sir, you must contrive to get it for me—thirty-five guineas, Sir, Oh, by Jove, that's a divine tone! I'll give the forty guineas, Sir, and pay you commission for buying it; and I'll call to-morrow morning. I shall do my endeavor, Sir.—The draper now thought he should make a hit; the commission probably on both sides, too, was not to be neglected. Early next morning came the owner of the violin to pay for his kerseymere, and take his instrument. Will you sell your violin, Sir? No, Sir: Do you play? No, but I have a mind to make a present, and you

say this is a good one. Will you take twenty guineas for it? I tell you, Sir, I have refused forty. Come, I'll give you thirty. No, Sir, I should affront my lord if any body else was to get it. Come, come, you say you have another. Aye, that is true, and as like this one as can be. Well, I will give you thirty-four guineas, and no more. Why to be sure, I would not like to let my lord know that I wanted money, if I did even want it: so as you seem to like it, if you will give me the kerseymere into the bargain, you may have it; my lord does not know one from the other. The thirty-four guineas was paid. The draper has got a violin worth about a guinea and a half, which the pretended purchaser will most assuredly never call for.

THE UNFEELING FATHER.

A FRAGMENT.

DOES nature refuse to plead for me, (said Miranda, kneeling before him) or does she plead in vain? You broke the sacred bonds of nature, said the old man, when you left a father's protection, and a mother's tender care, to pursue the fortune of the only man on earth whom they detested. An heavenly Father, exclaimed Miranda, forgives the sins of his children; and shall an earthly parent deny the charitable boon a repentant child demands of him? To that heavenly Father, then, replied he, I recommend you; my doors are no longer open to receive you; I have made a vow, which shall never be broken. Let the friends of your husband protect his darling—you are mine no more.

But these children, sir—Alas! what have they done? Leave me to the cruel fate that awaits me; but suffer not *them* to perish.

They are none of mine, said the stern parent; I will never press them in my arms, they shall never sit upon my knees. I will foster no more ingratitude. Let him who begot them, take the spade and mattock, and get them bread. No office is beneath the affection of a parent, when children have not been ungrateful—I am yours no more.

This was the fatal dialogue between

Miranda and her father, in the porch of his house; for she was admitted no further. He shut the door against her, and retired to his chamber. The wind blew, and the rain beat hard, and she dared not encounter the tempest; she remained in the porch—pressed her shivering babes to her bosom, and hoped that the morning's dawn would bring mercy along with it. But when the morning dawned, she was no more! The servants found her a clay-cold corpse, and the two children, weeping beside it.

When Malvolio was called to see the spectacle, he sunk down on the floor: life, indeed, returned, but peace abandoned him for ever. He loves the children; but says, heaven, in all its stores of mercies, has not one for him.

AFFECTING PETITION,

FROM THE WIFE OF ALMAS ALI CAWN,
WHO WAS SOME YEARS SINCE,
PUT TO DEATH IN INDIA,

To the high and most mighty Servant of the most powerful Prince, George King of England, the lowly slave of Misery comes praying for Mercy to the Father of her Children.

MOST MIGHTY SIR,

MAY the blessings of thy God ever wait on thee, may the sun of glory shine round thy head, and may the gates of plenty, honor, and happiness, be open unto thee and thine. May no sorrow distress thy days, may no strife disturb thy nights, may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheeks, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of days makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes round the last sleep of human existence, may the angels of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction.

O hearken then to the voice of distress, and grant the petition of thy servant! O spare the father of my children save the partner of my bed, my husband, my all that is dear. Consider, O mighty sir, that he did not become rich by iniquity, and that what he possessed was the inheritance of a long line of flour-

ishing ancestors; who in those smiling days when the thunder of Great Britain was not heard on the fertile plains of Hindostan, reaped their harvests in quiet, and enjoyed their patrimony unmolested. Think, O think, that the God thou worshipp'st delights not in the blood of the innocent. Remember thy own commandment, Thou shalt not kill, and by the order of heaven, give me back my Almas Ali Cawn, and take all our wealth, strip us of all our precious stones, of all our gold and silver, but take not the life of my husband. Innocence is seated on his brow, and the milk of human kindness flows round his heart.

Let us wander through the deserts, let us become tillers and laborers in those delightful spots of which he was once lord and master! But spare, O mighty sir, spare his life! Let not the instrument of death be lifted up against him: for he has not committed any crime. Accept our treasures with gratitude, thou hast them at present by force; we will remember thee in our prayers, and forget that we were ever rich and powerful. My children, the children of Almas Ali, send up their petition for the life of him who gave them birth. They beseech from thee, the author of their existence, from that humanity which we have been told glows in the breast of European loveliness. By the tender mercies of enlightened souls of Englishmen, by the honor, the virtue, the honesty, and the maternal feelings of the great queen, whose offspring is so dear to her, the miserable wife of thy prisoner beseeches thee to save the life of her husband, and restore him to her arms.

Thy God will reward thee, thy country must thank thee, and she now petitioning will ever pray for thee, if thou grantest the prayer of thy

Humble vassal,

ALMASSA ALI CAWN.

RELIGIOUS COURTSHIP.

A YOUNG gentleman happening to sit at church, in a pew, adjoining one in which was a young lady for whom he conceived a most sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into

a courtship on the spot. In order to effect this, the place not suiting a formal declaration, response, &c. the exigence of the case, suggested this plan—He politely handed his fair neighbor, a bible open, with a pin stuck in a certain text, to which she replied in like manner, and from which the following courtship ensued.

Gent. And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another. 2 Ep. John, ver. 5.

Lady. Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger? Ruth ii. 10.

Gent. Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full. 2 Epist. John, ver. 12.

N. B. Upon the above interview, the marriage took place the week following.

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

In the Character of Lear:

Or the Canine Critic.

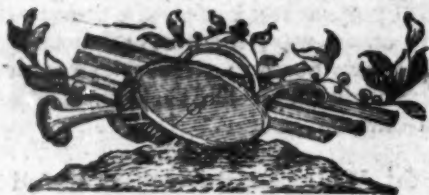
WHEN Garrick first came upon the stage, and, one very sultry evening, in the month of May, performing the character of Lear, he in the first four acts received the customary tokens of applause. At the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, the big round tear ran down every cheek. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion: it was not tragic, for he was evidently endeavoring to suppress a laugh: in a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beautiful Cordelia, who was reclined upon a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and with the Majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and

tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for so strange a termination of a tragedy, in any other way, than by supposing the dramatis personæ were seized with a sudden phrenzy; but their risibility had a different source.

A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated on the centre of the first bench in the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally thought he might enjoy the like privilege here. The butcher sat very back, and the quadruped, finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore paws on the rail of the orchestra, peered at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melting stuff; and not being accustomed to a play-house heat, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well-powdered Sunday peruke, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of his mastiff: the dog, being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Garrick, and the other performers. A mastiff in a churchwarden's wig (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much; it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself at the moment he was most distressed: no wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

FEMALE TALKERS.

IN a country church, where it is the custom for the men to be placed on one side, and the women on the other; a clergyman one day, found himself completely interrupted, in the midst of his sermon, by the talking of some of the congregation. So loud were the voices, that the parson was obliged to stop his discourse, and take notice of this breach of decorum. A woman immediately rose, and wishing to clear her own sex from the imputation, said, Observe, sir, *it is not on our side.*—So much the better, good woman, so much the better, answered the parson, *it will be the sooner over.*



ALMERIA,

OR,

THE PENITENT.

Being a genuine Epistle from an Unfortunate Daughter in ***** to her family in the Country.

BY — PRATT.

Continued from page 32.

WITH these, alas! a sacrifice I liv'd;
With these the wages of disgrace receiv'd;
But heaven, at length, its vengeance to complete,
Drove me—distemper'd—to the public street;
For on a time, when lightning fir'd the air,
And laid the sable breast of midnight bare;
When rain and wind assail'd th' unshelter'd head,
That sought—in vain—the blessing of a bed,
Distress'd, diseas'd, I crawl'd to ev'ry door,
And begg'd, with tears, a shelter for the poor!
My knees, at length, unable to sustain
The force of hunger and the weight of rain,
Fainting, I fell—then, staggering, rose again—
And wept, and sigh'd, and hop'd, and rav'd again!

Then, nor till then, o'erwhelm'd by sore distress,
To my own hand I look'd for full redress;
All things were apt, no flatterer to beguile,
'Twas night—'twas dark—occasion seem'd to smile;
Where'er I turn'd, destruction rose to view,
And, on reflection, rising frenzy grew.
From foolish love, the knife conceal'd I wore,
That, in my rage, Alcanor's bosom tore;
Thought press'd on thought—th' unsettled senses flew,
As from my breast the fatal blade I drew;
Still the stain'd point with crimson spots was dy'd,
And "this is well—'tis blood for blood!" I cry'd.
Thus did I poison the instrument in air,
Bent to the stroke and laid my bosom bare;
But ah! my crimes that instant rose to view,
Disarm'd my purpose, my resolves o'erthrew;
Fear shook my hand—I flung the weapon by,
Unfit to live—I was not fit to die!

Ah! wretched woman, she who strays for bread,
And sells the sacred pleasures of the bed;
Condemn'd to shifts her reason must despise,
The scorn and pity of the good and wise;
Condemn'd each call of passion to obey,
And in despite of nature to be gay;
To force a simper, with a throbbing heart,
And call to aid the feeble helps of art:
Oblig'd to suffer each impure excess,
The slave of fancy and the drudge of dress;
Compell'd to suit her temper to each taste,
Scorn'd if too wanton, hated if too chaste;

Forc'd with the public whim to comply,
As veers the gale of modern luxury;
And oft the afflicted creature must sustain
Pains more severe, yet tremble to complain:
The felon bawd, a dreadful beast of prey,
Rules o'er her subjects with despotic sway,
Trucks for the human form, with fatal pow'r,
And bargains for her beauties by the hour,
But should some female in her dang'rous train,
Attend the altar of her shame with pain,
Dispute at length the monster's base controul,
And dare t' assert the scruples of her soul;
Should she reluctant yield to the disgrace,
And show the signs of sorrow in her face,
Th' imperious abbeys frowns her into vice,
And hates the sinner that grows over nice.

Continued in page 48.

ODE TO IGNORANCE.

THOU blear-ey'd hag, whose vapid soul
Ne'er felt the touch of godlike fire—
Thou, who would'st loftiest minds controul,
And, with imperious stern command,
Condemn the heav'nly gifted band,
Who smite the throbbing lyre!
I scorn thy malice;—from my breast,
Where silent Friendship loves to rest,
Far from Ambition's slipp'ry way,
Shrinks from the triumphs of thy tort'ring day.

DULL IGNORANCE, whose vacant gaze
Presents the emblem of thy mind,
Still traverse life's resplendent maze,
And, with thy sisters, Pride and Folly,
Scatter the paths which mortals tread
With weeds that sickly poisons shed;
While I, to silent scenes confin'd,
The Muses court, and mark the day
Steal calm and undisturb'd away,
While meek-ey'd Melancholy
Shall bid my soul, in soft reflection, trace
Thy baneful influence—on the human race.

Hag of the flippant accent, fly
From my low hovel's sweet repose:—
I hate thy clam'rous tone, which throws
A gloom on social sympathy!
I sicken at thy jargon bold;
Thy adamant bosom, cold,
No kind, no sacred impulse knows;
To heal the wretch's pangs, to soothe the sufferer's
woes!

Then, hag abhor'd, to busy haunts
With kindred beings fly;
Go where the breathing phantom haunts
His gilded crest, and gaudy dye;
Go where the vapid throngs conspire
To drown with fierce discordant lays
The soft, the soothing voice of praise,
Tun'd to the dulcet lyre!
Go, and with vulgar souls enjoy
The raptures vulgar souls can taste;
But leave me, leave me to employ
The calm and leisure hour—by mental treasure
grac'd.

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of Music for different instruments by the most favorite
composers.

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Such-a, long may he live."
Sadi the Moor.

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baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on
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known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
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